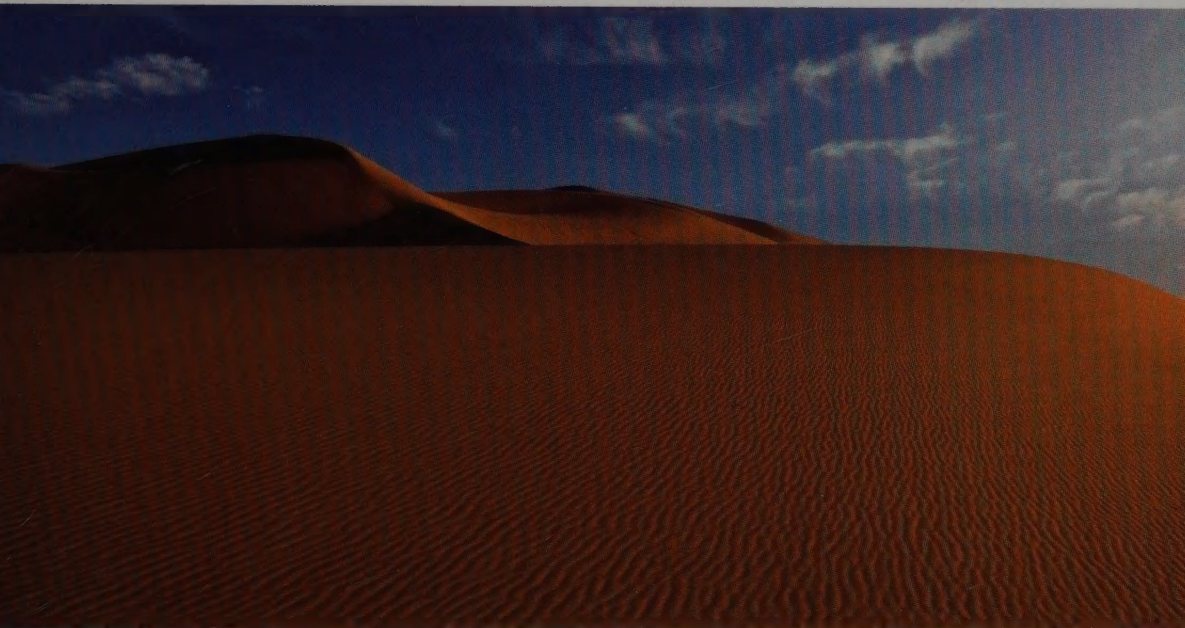


The Beggar's Garden



Ruth Lawrence

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Ruth Lawrence

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The Beggar's Garden

BY
RUTH LAWRENCE

Author of "Colonial Verses"

—
ILLUSTRATED

"I made gardens and orchards and
set them with trees of all kinds."
The Book of Wisdom.

New York
BRENTANO'S
1903

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THE BEGGAR'S GARDEN

In royal closes, the pallid roses
Through shine and shower in prison pine,
The lilies languish, in passive anguish,
And blossoms perish upon the vine;
The wan carnation feels a sensation
Of vague vexation, or dull despair;
 On moor, on mountain,
 By fell and fountain,
I own a garden of light and air.

A garden rarer, a garden fairer,
Than e'er was fashioned for any king,
Where nature's treasure, in thriftless measure,
Is flung unruly and rioting.

The soft wind blesses, with fond caresses,
The sun's bright tresses by dawn unbound,
 Its wayward kisses
 Have blent their blisses
With all the magic of scent and sound.

When buds are blowing, and meads are glow-
 ing,
And countless wonders begem the sod,
From 'neath the thatches, despite my patches,
I wander gladly to dream of God.
The blooming hedges, the crimson sedges,
The rocky ledges, where harebells sweet
 Are ever ringing,
 Will set me singing
Though I fare sadly with weary feet.

I crave no riches when all the ditches
Are clad in color, and flowers throng
To every by-way that meets the highway,
When wold and woodland resound with song.
Forsaking sorrow, I heed no morrow,

But gaily borrow a fortune free,
Of heaven's lending,
Till time unending
All earth's a garden for waifs like me!

THE ORCHARD

Tell me, did you ever climb
 When the spring was in its prime?
When the apple bloom was white,
 And the peach a pink delight,
When the quince, and plum, and pear,
 Flung their flowers everywhere?

Tell me, did you ever climb
 In the mellow summer-time?
When the cherries glowed like gems,
 Set on slender silver stems,
Basking in the sun-kissed breeze
 That swept inward from the seas?

Tell me, did you ever climb
When the autumn shone with rime?
When rennet, pippin, greening,
From brimming branches leaning,
Blinked and beckoned, like new joys
Wrought for idle girls and boys?

If, the leafy boughs among,
You have never climbed and swung
With the oriole and thrush,
In the orchard's noonday hush —
When with dreamers they hold tryst —
My poor friend — what you have missed

LILINAU¹

(A legend of the American Indians)

Where is the lovely Lilinau?
Now that the maidens form a ring
'Neath the pines, when the sun dips low,
To laugh and prattle, dance and sing.

Now that the maidens form a ring,
On mossy banks with flowers abloom,
To laugh and prattle, dance and sing,
Waking to life the woodland gloom,

On mossy banks with flowers abloom,
When the light dies, and skies are cold,

¹ Reprinted by courtesy of *Collier's Weekly*.

Waking to life the woodland gloom,
In measure sweet is the story told.

When the light dies and skies are cold,
Comes the tale of a princess fair —
In measure sweet is the story told —
With sparkling eyes and shining hair,

Comes the tale of a princess fair,
Wandering beneath the listless trees,
With sparkling eyes and shining hair,
Drinking the sighs of the lisping breeze.

Wandering beneath the listless trees,
She with strange longing did rejoice,
Drinking the sighs of the lisping breeze,
She heard afar a lover's voice.

She with strange longing did rejoice,
Alone, beside the shifting shade,
She heard afar a lover's voice,
With hope, by joy made half-afraid.

Alone beside the shifting shade,
Betwixt the moonlight and the gloom,
With hope, by joy made half-afraid,
She spied a graceful tossing plume.

Betwixt the moonlight and the gloom,
The magic voice crooned sweet and low
(She spied a graceful tossing plume) —
“Come hither, gentle Lilinau!”

The magic voice crooned sweet and low,
She turned, this daughter of a king —
“Come hither, gentle Lilinau!”
Her glad heart mute with wondering.

She turned, this daughter of a king,
And followed on through vale o’er hill, —
Her glad heart mute with wondering, —
She fled across the meadows still.

And followed on through vale o’er hill,
From rain to shine, from east to west,

She fled across the meadows still,
Seeking, in vain, the tossing crest.

From rain to shine, from east to west,
She watched the seasons come and fade,
Seeking, in vain, the tossing crest;
Loving a shadow, luckless maid!

She watches the seasons come and fade,
'Neath the pines when the sun dips low,
Loving a shadow, luckless maid!
Where is the lovely Lilinau?

THE BROOK

What does the brook say to you,
At dawn when it flushes,
And kisses the rushes,
With murmurs and blushes?
As it sings,
Does it tell you of wonderful things,
Till you think every wish must come true?
For I do —

What does the brook say to you?

What does the brook say to you,
When the sun hangs its head,
When the west is all red,





And the day is near sped?
As it flows ;
Does it promise surcease of all woes,
Till you thrill with a hope that is new?
For I do.
What does the brook say to you?

What does the brook say to you,
When the moonlight in streams,
Like a shower of dreams,
On its dark surface gleams?
As it sighs
Does it bring faltering tears to your eyes,
Till you long for forgiveness to sue?
For I do.
What does the brook say to you?

Love, does the brook say to you,
In the dark, in the light,
In the day, in the night,
In despair, in delight,
As it rolls,

That one are our hearts and our souls,
For life, and eternity too?

For I do.

What does the brook say to you?

A D R E A M

Last night I dreamt I crossed an amber sea,
In jewelled shallop, with a samite sail,
And following the moonbeams' burnished
trail,

I reached an isle of rarest fantasy,
Where lyric winds swayed each enchanted
tree,

O'erhung with fairy blossoms, fragrant,
frail,
Through fields of spice and sandal groves for
thee

I searched ; I called — the echo was a wail !

I woke, with joy, beneath the straw-thatched
eaves,

Saw, through the humble casement of my
room,
The orchard with its coronal of bloom,
And heard the gladsome gossip of the
leaves;
The vesper sparrow, heralding the day,
Told me that thou wert scarce a league
away.

TRUEST OF THE TRUE¹

To the page of history
Proud we turn to-day,
Heroes to the memory
Throng in brave array;
Stern and sad or gallant gay,
Clad in buff and blue,
As they fought and fell, alway
Truest of the true.

In the cause of liberty,
Weary was the way;

¹ Written for the Sons of the Revolution, and read at their meeting, on the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, at White Plains, July 9, 1892.

Rich or pinched by poverty,
One and all came they.
To their country's wrong allay
Fearless swords they drew,
Gave both love and life away,
Truest of the true.

When will prose or poesy
Half their worth portray?
Faithful to eternity,
Proof 'gainst sorrow's sway,
Trials, tears, and dark dismay
Ne'er such hearts subdue.
Link the myrtle with the bay,
Truest of the true.

While for the prosperity
Of our land we pray,
Let the tear of sympathy
Tender hearts betray.
Freedom's burning stars display!
Thrill the ages through

With a never-ending lay,
Truest of the true.

Envoy

Friends, though oft the footsteps stray,
Be — whate'er you do —
Worthy of their names, for aye
Truest of the true!

WE FED THE SWANS

We fed the swans that drifted by,
Blue were the water and the sky,
We floated idly past quaint lawns,
Greened by a thousand dews and dawns,
That fading centuries defy.

And both were silent, you and I,
No faltering question, vague reply —
True sympathy vain language scorns —
We fed the swans.

Did outward calm our thoughts belie,
As when the summer sun on high

With fickle gold the earth adorns,
 Whilst a faint cloud a storm forewarns?
We dared not speak, and that is why
 We fed the swans.

RETROSPECT

My first remembrance? Of a village street
Where elm and sycamore bestowed their
shade,

A patch of garden lavishly arrayed,
A shingled dwelling, lichen covered, meet
For such a setting; auburn fields of wheat,
A fallow pickle, and a tangled glade
Through which a runnel to the river strayed,
A royal progress, amid blossoms sweet.

An orchard, brave in its audacious green,
With wealth of vergaloo and demascene;
And over all the sky's unfading blue,

With God's own sunshine ever laughing
through.

Beyond, I thought, another country lay,
And, bless you! that is what I hope to-day.

THINK, LOVE, OF ME

When in the greenwood the mavis is singing,
I think of thee;
Thy voice through my soul like an echo is
ringing,
Think, love, of me!

When to the night stars I sadly am sighing,
I think of thee;
Thou art my star, heaven's glory defying,
Shine, love, on me!

When on the white sands the billows are break-
ing,
I think of thee;

Dream of my dreams, be I sleeping or waking,
Think, love, of me!

Though Fate and Fortune our footsteps may
sever,

I think of thee;
I am thine own, thine only — forever!
Think, love, of me!

THE REASON

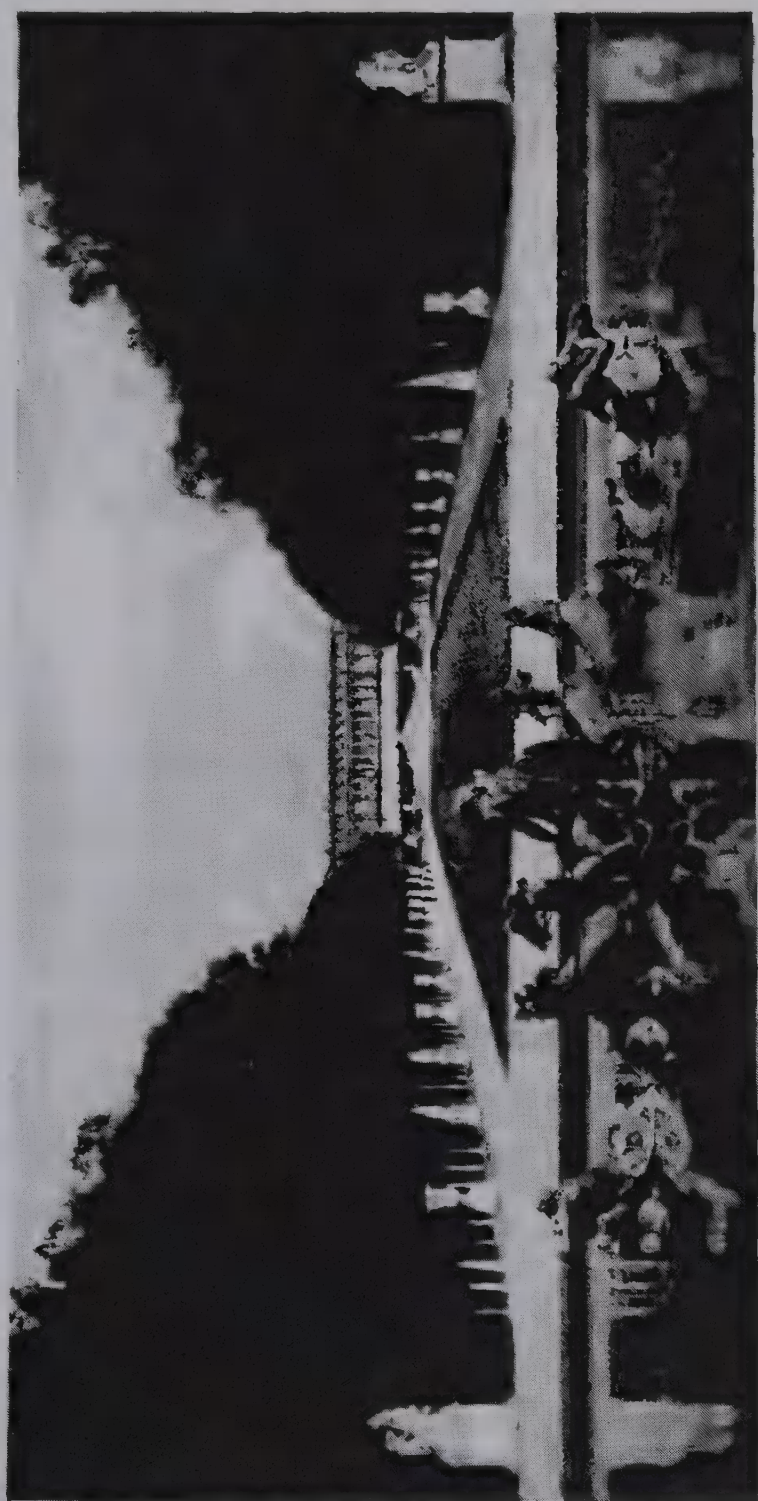
SCENE: *A tapestried salon. The Marquise is seated by the fire. The door is opened by a lackey, and the Count enters, carrying in his hand a bunch of roses. The lackey withdraws, and the Count, advancing with a bow, offers the roses to the Marquise.*

HE

'Tis thirty years to-day since first we met.

SHE

Can you remember?



HE

How can I forget!
You ruled the world by beauty.

SHE

You by wit.

HE

Mock not, 'twas but a sorry counterfeit.

SHE

'Twas at Versailles, and all the world was
there.

HE

Yes, all that France accounted great or fair
Had gathered in the Allée where the trees
Wrought royal screens of verdant filigrees,
Where lilies gleamed and roses were a-blow,

Drenched in the mellow sunset's amber glow,
And where within the grotto's deepest
shade
Rippled the music of the clear cascade.
The pawns that meet and mingle in Life's
game,
Knave, poet, prelate, statesman, soldier, dame,
Were through their petty parts manoeu-
vring,
Awaiting the arrival of the King.
Attended by your lord, upon his arm,
You came, the very essence of all charm,
In robes of silver tissue shot with green,
The nymph of day-dreams, spirit of the
scene,
And as you came, there fell a sudden
pause —
That mute expression of intense applause;
The Spanish Envoy straightened his lace
ruff,
The lynx-eyed Cardinal smiled and took some
snuff,

Then nearly every woman wore a frown,
Glancing in apprehension at her gown.

SHE

You were the first to greet me, to advance,
Leaving a group that held the Flower of
France,

Upon your breast three orders shone like
stars,

Your face, though young, was seamed with
battle scars,

Belying both the courtier's subtle grace,
And foppish fripperies of gold and lace;

And as you greeted me the Duchess sighed,
The Princess bit her lip, and turned aside.

HE

My eyes met yours a moment wondering;
Then was announced the coming of the King.

SHE

Within a month your fame was on each
tongue,

HE

While north and south your beauty's praises
rung.

SHE

'Twas ere your duel in the Place Royale —

HE

And ere your Minstrel's famous madrigal,
Within a year your Minstrel sought the
tomb —

SHE

Your Duchess chose the convent's peace
and gloom,

Unlike the Princess, who for weary years
Strove to rekindle fires quenched with tears.

HE

Another year, and then your lord was sent,
For treason, far from France in banishment.
Then Beaucaire, vexed and wincing 'neath
your scorn —

SHE

Formed with the Princess, hopeless and
forlorn,
A plot, to undermine you it was said.

HE

She lost her temper,

SHE

And he lost his head.
*(A long pause, during which they both
gaze into the fire.)*

HE

The withered spectres of both love and
hate
Lie in the ashes of what men call Fate —
Far in youth's distance on Time's long-
lost rim,
Like shadows that the dawn hath rendered
dim,
They fade, and one by one each image
waned
Till all are gone, and only one remains.
Dull skies or bright, be my mood grave or
gay,
I seek your shrine with roses every day,
When birds are wooing Spring beneath the
eaves,
Or when the rustic binds his golden sheaves
I come, as faithful as the patient sun,
Yet not to shine, but to be shone upon ;
Often I wonder, with a vague unrest,

Whether your speech or silence please me
best,

You rule alike the present and the past,
Why should your power alone thus change-
less last?

SHE (*smiling*)

I am, as your devotion long has proved,
The only woman you have *never* loved!

THE SWING

In memory a valley gleams
With limpid lakes, and silver streams,
Where dreams come true, and fancies play
On far, fair fields of yesterday.
There nestles safe an orchard old,
With leaves of green, and fruits of gold,
And 'neath the boughs, where creepers cling,
There hangs a ragged, rustic swing.

We went swinging,
To and fro;
Swinging, singing,
Fast and slow;

Echoes ringing,
High and low,
Singing, swinging
Long ago.

When mere and mead were kissed by June,
When bosk and brake rang loud with tune,
When hay was mown, and sheaves of corn
Were dabbled with the dews of dawn;
When bronze and crimson, russet brown,
We shook the harvest apples down,
Or, when the Spring with olden wiles
Coaxed from earth responsive smiles;

We went swinging,
To and fro;
Swinging, singing,
Fast and slow;
Echoes ringing,
High and low,
Singing, swinging
Long ago.

Changed our lives, like shifting weather,
Since the time we swung together,
With severed steps, o'er winding ways,
We wander far from childhood's days,
Yet, though hope for aye be banished,
And our joys with grief have vanished,
Shadow-land is near in seeming,
I remember when I'm dreaming.

We went swinging,
To and fro;
Swinging, singing,
Fast and slow;
Echoes ringing,
High and low,
Singing, swinging
Long ago.

YES, I RECALL

Yes, I recall the time when first we met,
 'Twas summer and the fields were all aglow,
The garden gleamed with roses white as snow,
 That blushed to crimson when the red sun
 set;

The wan, shy lilies that the wind did fret,
 Swayed in a magic rhythm to and fro,
Yes, I recall that golden long ago;
 My heart throbs to its far-off music yet.

Yes, I recall the sacred hush of night,
 The fickle moonbeams glancing on the sea,
Tracing a pathway to the realm of light,
 Where sorrow's sting was powerless to pain,
Yes, I recall that dream of dreams again,
 That land of promise lost to thee and me!

WHO IS QUEEN?

I do not care who is Queen,
 When the woods and hills are green,
When the birds shout overhead,
 When the harvest sun glows red,
 And the summer's math
 Paints the dappled strath
With riotous gold, when skies are blue,
If in the meadow I roam — with you.

I do not care who is Queen,
 When the ocean's crystal sheen
Is blurred by a veil of spray,
 Through which white ships slip away

Over liquid miles
Unto spice-steeped isles,
When crisp with tang is the breath of sea,
If you are out on the dunes— with me.

I do not care who is Queen,
If blank and bleak be the scene,
Or if prodigal showers
Of tropical flowers
Bewilder the gaze,
The senses amaze,
If foul or fair be wind and weather,
If only we can be — together.

HAMPTON COURT

The faded scrolls of Time unfold
Series of swiftly shifting scenes,
Like fragments of a tale half-told
And many a restless shade convenes ;
They tell of great and little things, —
Secrets with mirth or passion fraught,
That made the lives of men and kings,
At Hampton Court.

Through quaintly carved door and room,
In corridor, upon the stair,
'Twixt tapestries of stately gloom,
We idly wander here and there ;



We greet the portraits set a-row,
These counterfeits of beauty wrought
By nimble brushes long ago

At Hampton Court.

The gallery where antique staves,
Attesting to the mistrel's art,
Rang out alike for saints and knaves,
To please the mind, to touch the heart,
Where some grew famous in a breath,
Where some were sold and others bought,
Where some faced life and some won death,

At Hampton Court.

The gardens where rare flowers among
The brave have sued, the fair have sighed,
Where envoys schemed and pages sung,
Decrees were granted or denied,
Where Cecil counselled Good Queen Bess,
And where, beneath a show of sport,
The human heart ached more or less,

At Hampton Court.

How many strove to rise and rule,
How many fell who dared to rise,
The churchman, soldier, and the fool,
The fribble and the overwise,
Each had his part, his share of toil;
They planned and plotted oft for nought,
With quill, with flattery, or foil,

At Hampton Court.

As on the shining stream we gaze, —
The stream that shall e'en Fate outrun, —
Or ramble through the tangled maze,
Or watch the dial mark the sun,
Within a long-lost world we seem,
While threading labyrinths of thought;
We linger in a waking dream

At Hampton Court.

The centuries have dawned and died,
Some men have sealed the page of Fame,
While others, perished with their pride,
Have left no record, scarce a name;

Frail hands have crumbled into dust
That sceptres swayed, and empires sought,
And yet, untouched by blight or rust
 Stands Hampton Court.

H A Y I N G

O come, ere the gates of the west
Are closed by the touch of the night,
While wanders the bird from its nest,
While breezes are frolicsome, light,
And sunbeams are glittering bright ;
Leave care and dull sorrow, I pray,
The leaves whisper words of delight,
The rustics are making the hay.

We'll over the green mountain's crest,
Where breaks the blue sea on our sight,
Of laurel and heather in quest,
And seek the anemone white ;

While thus reading nature aright,
Our footsteps returning will stray
To meadows, with flowers bedight,
Where rustics are making the hay.

The valley shall charm you to rest,
Oblivion there will invite,
Sweet dreams may your slumbers invest,
All evil thoughts then shall take flight,
Your sorrows, or weighty or slight,
The even-song soft will allay,
As footsore the work-weary wight
Turns homeward from making the hay.

ENVOY

Love, come, ere the dark, like a blight,
The gold of the skies steals away,
Ere shadows the roses affright,
The rustics are making the hay.

EXILE

Moonset, and all the world is fast asleep;
The stars are shrinking and the night is done.
A primrose pallor, herald of the sun,
From utmost east to utmost west doth creep,
As flickering and white the waters sweep
In on the purple sands; then one by one
The truant waves, that playmate waves out-
run,
Leave silver tracteries beside the deep.

This symphony of color, sea and sky,
The waking beauties that before me lie,
I heed not, for my thoughts are far away,

Where thou art watching the declining day ;
Thine absence, in some distant sun-steeped
 land,
Makes me an exile on my native strand.

ARLINGTON

Beneath the blushing Easter skies
The rippling river gleaming lies,
A blue reflected paradise;

As rapt I gaze,
The distant city greets my eyes,
A golden haze.

The bending birch, the patient pine,
Like stalwart soldiers of the line,
Stand sentinels above a shrine.

A fine faint breeze
Slips through the polished ivy vine
And stirs the trees.



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The violet, the royal rose,
Their wondrous wealth of sweets disclose,
Fresh from the fetters of the snows,
 And o'er a tomb,
Wherein our dauntless dead repose,
 Fling shrouds of bloom.

In silent state on every side,
They, who the woes of war defied,
They, who for kin and country died,
 Whose trust we keep,
Through shade and shrine, the nation's pride,
 Lie locked in sleep.

They set their names on history's page,
The trifler and the sober sage,
Who did their swords and souls engage,
 For faith and truth;
Some sank to rest in hoary age
 And some in youth.

The annals of those stormy days,
The poet's sobbing silver lays,

The martyr's mingled palms and bays,
 Shall tell their fame,
And each cold stone shall mutely praise
 A hero's name.

The names that all our land holds dear,
That as the summer stars shine clear,
Whose lustre brightens year by year
 An honor roll,
That from our childhood we revere,
 A sacred scroll.

The silent, unrecorded slain,
Those countless links in honor's chain,
Awake our hearts to keener pain,
 The brave unknown,
Whose names are lost, whose deeds remain
 To speak alone.

O Motherland! While far and free
Floats thy fair flag o'er land and sea,

Green ever may the glory be
Of thy great sons,
Yet nearer, dearer still to thee
Thy nameless ones.

D A W N

Aurora bids the buds awake,
And sends the winds abroad to play,
To croon the rose a roundelay,
To rouse the cricket in the brake;

To ruffle up the placid lake,
And trick the fields for holiday.
Aurora bids the buds awake
And sends the winds abroad to play.

The willow waves its mantle gray,
The almond boughs 'neath blossoms quake,
They hail the coming of the day;
With drowsy sweets the lilacs shake;
Aurora bids the buds awake.

A LETTER

I write thee only that "the day is fair,"
That "the syringa blooms beside the gate,"
I tell thee that, "the lilac's precious freight
Lends to the world an unnamed incense
rare,"
That "music's essence quivers in the air,"
That "butterflies upon the roses wait;"
Thus do I write enough, and rest aware
That, with a nimble wit, thou canst trans-
late.

Were I to filch some sage's cryptic phrase,
Some minstrel's subtle stave of promise,
praise,

And blend them in an offering to thee, —
A quaint mosaic of all imagery, —
Or coin a word that might my thought ex-
press,
Dost think that I would love thee more —
or less?

ALTHEA

On the rim of the past I can see, as I gaze
Down the lengthening vista of vanishing days,
The quaint little porch, fairly smothered in
flowers,

O'er which tumbled vines in the greenest of
showers.

As I came from the pasture where, drenched
with the dew,

The saucy young mushrooms in myriads grew,
My basket of osier I'd fill and return
To sit in the porch and see Althea churn.

In a blue printed gown and a shabby straw
hat,

She would sing as she worked while in silence
I sat
And whittled and dreamed of the far-away
town,
Where a gypsy predicted I'd gather renown.
The kitchen within droned a querulous clock,
In the farmyard without croaked a drowsy
old cock,
And both bid me go, fortune's favors to earn,
As I sat in the porch and saw Althea churn.

As with rhythm the splasher now rose and
now fell,
I was lulled by its music like one 'neath a
spell,
And far on the highroad of fancy did
stray,
Unheeding, unknowing the lands where it
lay.
For sweet were the lilt and the story it told,
While the butter was wrought to a marvel of
gold,

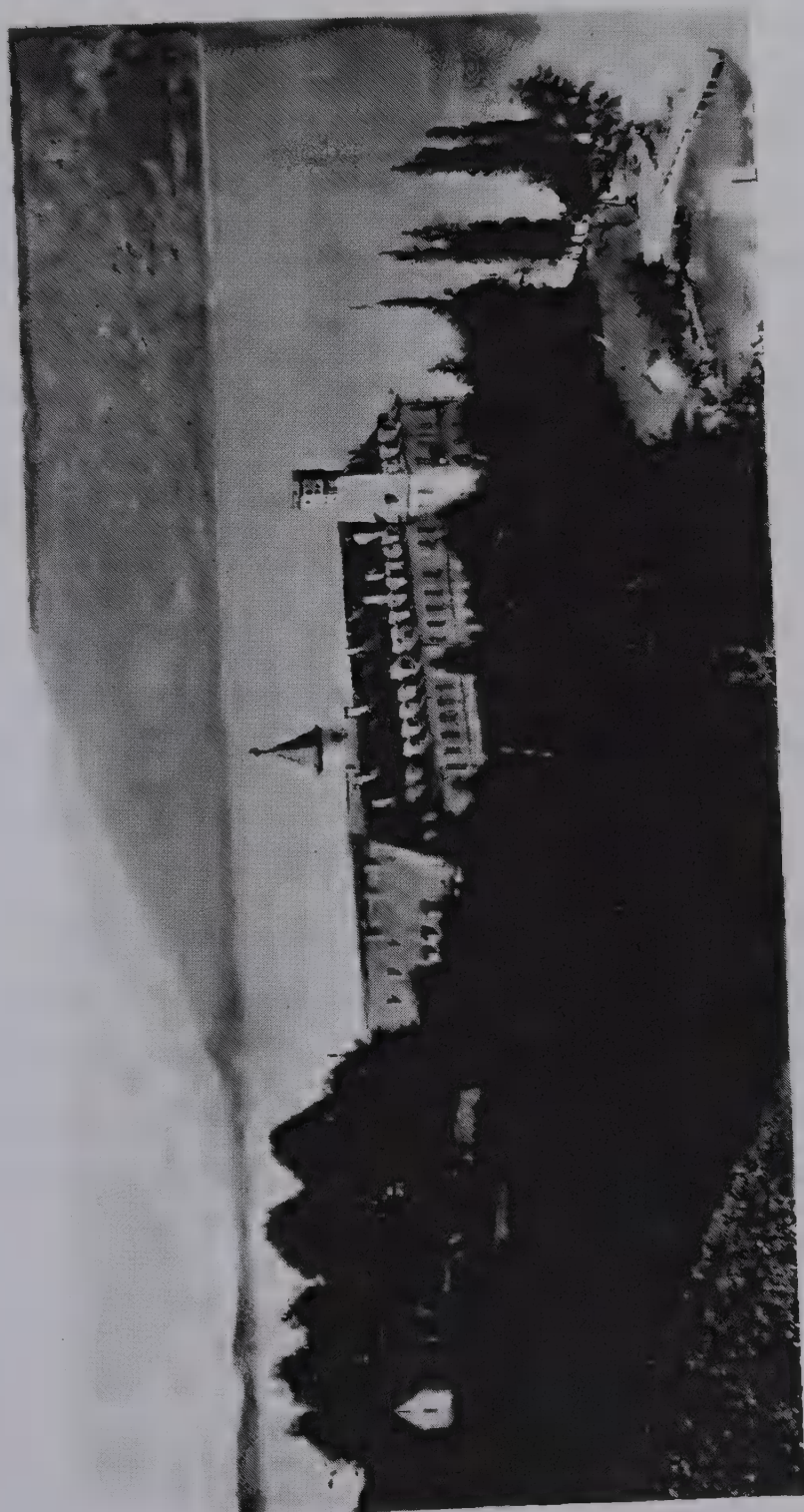
My pulses would throb and my temples would
burn,
As I sat in the porch and saw Althea churn.

My friends of the moment would smile in
surprise
Could they know how I long for the free
country skies,
Cool orchards that noontide finds dusky with
bloom,
And the truants of sunbeams that sift
through the gloom,
For here, in the city, oppressed by the din,
The fret and the fever, the struggle to win,
Very often I sigh, very often I yearn
To sit in the porch and see Althea churn.

REVER Y

A valley, like a garden, fertile, fair,
Its golden fields with ripening grain aglow,
Where iris blue and poppies crimson show,
Blent in a tapestry beyond compare;
The scent of hay hangs on the drowsy air,
The elder blossoms, whiter far than snow,
Their scarves of filmy lace wave to and fro,
And birds are singing, singing everywhere.

A clear, deep lake that shines, intensely green,
Flattered by winds that sweep the mountain-
side,
The silver willows on its rim abide,
And almonds and laburnums intervene,



Linking their boughs in a fantastic screen,
Around its edge the purple shadows glide,
And pliant rushes stoop to kiss the tide,
Veiled by a shifting haze of rainbow sheen.

The mountains, ridge on ridge, and crest on
 crest,
Changeful, yet changeless since the world
 began,
Defy the ravages of Time and Man;
That everlasting silence we call rest.
Has set its seal upon them, curst or blest,
No conjurer can raise or rend the ban,
Dim cycles wane, each watching a brief span,
The flushing and the fading of the west.

O valley, where the youth of nature gleams,
O fields, where one might wander all day long,
Drenching the soul in sunlight and in song,
O lucent lake, O sighing woodland streams,
Lisping earth's secrets, lilting unknown
 themes,

O thickets, where the feathered minstrels
throng,

O mountains, mute, eternal, stately strong,

If you could only give one back one's dreams!

Aix-les-Bains.

THE SONG OF SONGS

There's a song that is sweet when trees
Are kissed by a passing breeze,
When the lilt of the laughing leaves
Is echoed by rustling sheaves,
But, the sweetest of strains belongs
To love — in the song of songs.

There's a song that is sweet when streams
Tinkle of vanishing dreams,
When the mavis croons on the spray,
Of a dear, dead yesterday,
But, the sweetest of strains belongs
To love — in the song of songs.

There's a song that is sweet at sea,
· 'Tis a lusty melody,
Like the clang of the chanting chimes,
It tells us of far-off climes,
But, the sweetest of strains belongs
To love — in the song of songs.

All the angel anthems blending,
Their music never ending,
With earth's mellow murmurs meeting,
The sweets of sound completing,
Are harsh, to the note that belongs
To love — in the song of songs.

LEXINGTON DAY

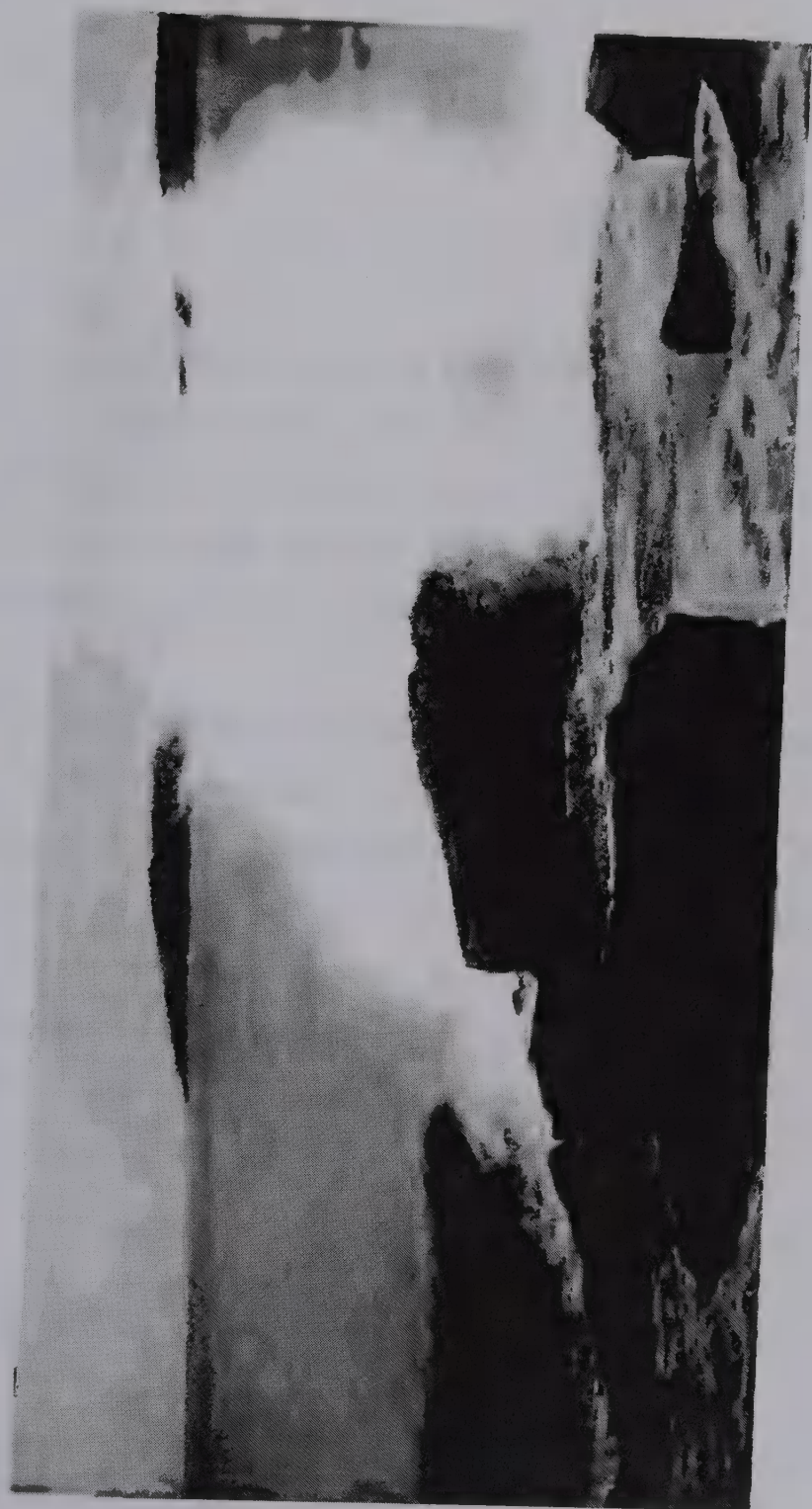
O day of days! Bring forth the bays
Grown in a garden gory!
Let loyal lays sound loud in praise
Of Lexington — and glory!

When women wept, men's pulses leapt,
Defying King and Tory;
They forward stept, to battle swept,
For honor and for glory.

With Truth for shield, they took the field,
The lad and goodman hoary;
They would not yield, their fate was sealed
For God, and home and glory.

They suffered blame, and rose to fame,
Their crown a nation's story ;
And thus we claim a sacred name
Won for our flag — Old Glory.

Aix-les-Bains.



ALONG THE SHORE¹

Along the shore, now out, now in,
With listless sob, with ceaseless din —
As they did centuries ago,
The wayward waters ebb and flow,
Leaving a line of silver thin,

To mark where ripples bright have been,
On the sea's edge, where lands begin.
They break, they seethe, they murmur low
Along the shore.

So on Life's shore, to lose or win,
Struggle without, subdue within,
To rise through hope, or sink in woe,

¹ Reprinted by courtesy of *The Churchman*.

Striving — though blind — God's will to
 know,
Man falters, seeking rest from sin,
 Along the shore.

THE MISER

I am a miser, and from year to year
With cunning care my treasures store away
Deep in my heart. I note not fading May,
Nor waning summer, with regretful tear,
Nor frosty, frowning winter, bleak and drear.
The changeless changing of the night and
day,
When Joy and Grief, for life, like game-
sters play,
Brings me no thought of loss, no qualm of
fear.

Each trivial action and each trifling word
Of thine, that ever once my pulses stirred,

Though they be dross, I guard as purest gold;
Mine are they all, mine only, mine to hold,
To cherish with my soul till dust be dust,
Forever safe alike from thief and rust.

W H E N

When April spills
Her daffodils
Upon the margin of the lawn,
With sprightly wiles,
With saucy smiles,
The lagging Winter flouts to scorn;

Unfurls the fronds,
And frees the ponds
Long gyved in frosty filigree;
In quaint demesne
Of woodland green
Hangs blossoms bright on every tree;

Drives out the herds
And bids the birds
Their secrets unto man proclaim;
Oh, then, my dear,
From far and near,
I hear the music of thy name!

II.

When crimson yarrow tricks the wold,
I think the year is growing old;

And when the violet I spy,
I think that spring is drawing nigh.

When hedges blush with eglantine,
I think the joys of earth are mine.

When each and all of these I see,
I think of thee — I think of thee!



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MULBERRY STREET

Where tottering tenements lift toward the
sky,

And tides of humanity surge rolling by,
All sorts and conditions of people you find,
A beggar that's lame, and a beggar that's
blind,

A juggler, a fiddler, a dancer — in green —
Who laughs as she tosses her harsh tam-
bourine,

And peddlers, with push-carts, convene to
compete,

To barter and bargain in Mulberry Street.

In open-air market, where buyers with ease
Can find what they fancy from hardware to
cheese,

The vendors of dress-stuffs, fruit, fish, shoes
and lace,
Will furnish both fashion and food for the
place,
'Mid clamorous voices of young and of old,
While pale children whimper, all ragged and
cold;
In fine days, or foul days, in sunshine or sleet,
There's chatter and clatter in Mulberry
Street.

The dull pastry-shop with confections ar-
rayed,
And Mr. McKinley in sugar displayed,
Is cheered by a parrot, who, preening his
wing,
Reviles Giovanni, who "served with the
King!"
Now Carlo, the barber, is crossing his
breast,
A hearse comes in sight which is bearing to
rest

A world-weary pilgrim whose task is complete,
The mourners are marching down Mulberry
Street.

The small store, with bread wrought in wonderful rings,
With onions and sausages festooned in strings,
Is kept by fat Rita, who stands knitting socks.
Next door Nina leans o'er a dim window-box
To coax a geranium tarnished with blight,
By sharp rains that blister, or sun-shafts that smite,
When the fierce furnace blast of summer's red heat
Sweeps through Paradise Park and Mulberry
Street.

In dingy and rickety attics that frown
On traffic and toil, at this end of the town,
Ambition, love, hate, the whole gamut, in
fine,

Of human emotions, conflict or combine;
Some hearts sing with mirth, others groan
 with despair,
They ache and they break as they do — other-
 where:
Thus comedy, tragedy mingle and meet
In the hurry and scurry of Mulberry Street.

MINSTRELS OF THE MEADOW

In the clover,
Dreaming — wide-awake — I'm lying,
While a rover,
Dusty bee, is o'er me flying,
All around the grass is sighing.

Hark! the cricket!
Then the tree-toad's clear note ringing
In the thicket,
From afar the linnet singing
To his mate, in silence swinging.

Beetles droning,
'Mid the murmurs of the mowing;
Meadows moaning,

To the sound of cattle lowing,
Till my heart is overflowing.

Man's songs are sweet,
With magic mingled melody,
Cunning, complete,
But they seem sharp and false to me,
Compared with nature's minstrelsy.

G O L D ¹

You men who work from sea to sea
All our country through,
Under the flag that flutters free,
Its burning stars and field of blue,
You want no coin but gold, gold,
Gold, as in days of old,
You want no coin but gold.

Our fathers in the nation's youth
For us fought and fell,
They worked and won their way by truth,
They proved their metal passing well,
For they had hearts of gold, gold,

¹ Prize Campaign Ballad. Reprinted by courtesy of the *N. Y. World*.

Gold, in those days of old,
For they had hearts of gold.

You farmers all that till the earth,
'Neath the sun and rain,
Prosperity, the child of worth,
Shall turn the fairest of your grain,
To sheaves of brightest gold, gold,
Gold, like our dreams of old,
Shall turn your grain to gold.

All you that toil 'mid city's din,
From the dawn till night,
Take heart and strive the day to win,
And change the darkness into light,
A light with rays of gold, gold,
Gold, like the sun of old,
A light with rays of gold.

Speak! while your pulse is all aglow
For the cause you love,

And pray the winds of heaven bestow
Their boundless blessings from above.

Speak! let your speech be gold, gold,
Gold, like the sage of old,
Speak! let your speech be gold.

Both high and low, and grave and gay,
Harken to this song,
And may its simple strain convey
A lesson that is clear and strong,
A link in the chain of gold,
Gold, from the mines of old,
A link in chain of gold.

Thus guard the honor of your land,
Honest hearts and hands
Keep faith, for hearth and home demand
The care of patriot bands
Whose standard shall be gold, gold,
Gold, like a shield of old,
Whose standard shall be gold.

A P R I L

“ Have not the rains

Greened over April's lap ? ”

— *Keats.*

Hail! April comes again,
Once more on silver wings,
Her heralds, sun and rain,
Fall gently on all things,
And o'er the waking world a mantle green
she flings.

Hail! now, for death is o'er,
Nature no longer sleeps,
More radiant than before
The happy violet peeps

From out the frost-bound earth, which still its
treasure keeps.

Hail! in harmonious strain,
The thrush and linnet sing,
And the dark woods again
With glorious music ring;
All joyous is the world freed by the touch of
spring.

Hail! the winsome flowers
Leap from the verdant earth,
'Mid the shine and showers,
The authors of their birth,
Clad in gladsome hues they join the general
mirth.

Hail! to the sparkling stream,
The winter ices' chill
Held, as in a dream,
When all the world was still,
Now in a torrent bold it rushes down the hill.

Hail! to the coming hours,
Attuned in sweet accord,
The sunlight which embowers
All we have thus adored,
Blessed, thrice blessed, be their Maker and
our Lord!



SWEETHEART OF THE SEA

(Mount Desert)

O happy island of plain and highland,
Where all the beauties of earth convene,
When day is breaking and man awaking,
Thou hast no rival 'neath heaven, I ween.
Thy clear lakes twinkle, thy bright springs
tinkle,
Gay vines besprinkle thy purple hills,
Thy verdant valleys
And arching alleys
Resound with echoes of thy rippling rills.

No song nor story can tell thy glory
When on thy stern shore the tempest raves,

Thy rugged red rocks repel the rude shocks
And flout the fury of wanton waves.
But, when the day's calm thou hast a strange
charm
That brings the soul balm, and thus it
seems
Beneath the sunlight
Or when the moon's white,
We ever crown thee sovereign, isle of dreams.

Thy birches shiver and hemlocks quiver
When sweeps the salt wind among the trees,
Both dell and dingle their perfumes mingle
When fanned and fondled by southern
breeze ;
Thy grace appealing to man's best feeling,
God's work revealing, turns grief to glee,
Through ages smiling,
For aye beguiling,
Still shalt thou reign as sweetheart of the sea.

THE INQUISITION

“L'Amour et la fumée
Ne peuvent se cacher.”

SCENE: *A Garden. The Countess and the Marquis are seated upon a stone bench; he holds a skein of silk which she is winding.*

MARQUIS (*aside*)

As to her suitors I would know
The way that favor's wind doth blow.
(*Aloud*) No Cavalier nor bad nor good
Can charm you from your widowhood?

COUNTESS

That question you have asked before!

MARQUIS

Yes, I am turned inquisitor.
Cousin, what think you of Le Beau?

COUNTESS

He's well enough, a trifle slow,
Albeit of the truest worth,
Becoming both his rank and birth.

MARQUIS (*aside*)

'Tis said no man his mark may hit,
When striving 'gainst a woman's wit,
The truth of that we soon shall see.
(*Aloud*) What think you of St. Clair?

COUNTESS

Marquis!

A musty sage, a scholar deep,
Pace with whose studies none can keep.

MARQUIS

Then there's Vitry?

COUNTESS

A country clown!

MARQUIS

Bertrand?

COUNTESS

A monk without the gown,
Smile as chilly as the cloister,
Voice a very paternoster.

MARQUIS

Rohan?

COUNTESS

Too young!

MARQUIS

Fleury?

COUNTESS

Too old!

MARQUIS

Beaucaire?

COUNTESS

Bashful!

MARQUIS

Sabran?

COUNTESS

Too bold.

There is not one to suit, you see,
I'm very hard to please, Marquis.

MARQUIS

Glanville, pray you answer truly?

COUNTESS

I appreciate him duly,
A pearl unpolished, uncut gem,

He's better far than all of them.

Rough? If you will, but good and true.

MARQUIS (*aside*)

She loves him not. I wish I knew.

(*Aloud*) Count Faille, the last, I'd quite forgot.

COUNTESS (*dropping her ball of silk*)

Cousin, you know I like him not!

MARQUIS (*picking up the ball of silk*)

Indeed, I thought him to your taste,

He is a gem —

COUNTESS

Of Spanish paste?

MARQUIS

A valiant soldier —

COUNTESS

Is he brave?

MARQUIS

Far from a fool —

COUNTESS

How, more a knave?

MARQUIS

At least his wit you'll not deny?

COUNTESS

The sting of it doth satisfy.

MARQUIS

And then his eyes! Of such a hue!

COUNTESS

Are they — not brown?

MARQUIS

No, Countess, blue.
Beauty of figure and of face,
All talents met to lend him grace,
A coaxing voice, a strong sword-arm —

COUNTESS

And yet for me he has no charm.

MARQUIS

With Glanville must my questions cease?
Leave Faille the sport of your caprice,
Wearing the willow to his cost?

COUNTESS

Betwixt us twain no love is lost.

MARQUIS (*rising*)

Riddle unsolved, I go my way!

COUNTESS

Pray you, why not longer stay?

End your learned disquisition,

And resume the inquisition?

(*Aside*) Who at the Court would have believed

The wily fox could be deceived.

MARQUIS (*aside*)

'Tis Faille you love without a doubt,

Sweet hypocrite, I've found you out.

COUNTESS (*aside*)

You see it takes a woman's art,

To hide the secrets of her heart!

BEYOND

Beyond night's rim, beyond the edge of day,
The farthest hills, the limits of the sea,
I wonder, dearest, dost thou think of me?
Thou art so far, so very far, away,
And yet I feel so strangely near to thee,
'Neath shifting skies that pale from gold to
 gray,
Through calm, through storm, my faltering
 footsteps stray,
Upon the highroad to eternity.

And thou, my heart's true heart, my soul's
 own soul,
Wilt thou dispel the shadows of the past,

When I have crossed life's span, and gained
the goal,
When weary I have reached thy side at last?
Wilt thou turn all earth's discord into song
By saying, " I have waited for thee long? "

ECHOES

The sleeping world awoke with May,
The throstle on the vine was swinging;
Bright blossoms tricked the bending spray,
And through the meadows we went singing.

Light winds the tender leaves did sway,
The sunbeams fickle flecks were flinging.
Betwixt the boughs in green array,
While through the meadows we went singing.

The osier wands were silver gray,
Gold lichens to the rocks were clinging;

The red-tipped starling piped at play,
When through the meadow we went sing-
ing.

'Mid sylvan sweets we long did stray,
Around our path the daisies springing,
Our hopes were high, our hearts were gay —
Thus through the meadows we went sing-
ing.

O vanished dream! O long lost day!
Your echoes in my soul are ringing;
A shadow fell across our way,
As through the meadow we went singing.



SWEET SAVOY

O sweet Savoy, the legend days of story,
That live forever in the minstrels' lays,
Ring loudly with the echoes of thy glory,
Thou lover's garden which the poets praise.

Thus, sweet Savoy, as idly I stand dream-
ing
Of thy lost sway that circled other climes,
How proudly are thy stately banners
gleaming
Through the dim twilight of forgotten times.

Then, sweet Savoy, thine were the bravest,
fairest,

Whose lance and lute ne'er felt the blight of
rust,

In chivalry and courtesy the rarest
Were they whose laurels mingle with the dust.

Now, sweet Savoy, thou art an exile pining
In hostile halls where chains of bondage fret,
Whilst like a royal jewel thou art shining
In alien crown, by hand of conquest set.

Yet, sweet Savoy, thy beauties are undying,
Around thy hills the mists of romance cling,
The coldest stranger leaves thy valleys
sighing,
Thou bartered birthright of an ingrate
King!

THE SPENDTHRIFT

When unto thee a verse I would indite,
I am bewildered and of words bereft,
For, if thy praises I but half recite,
Love's lexicon hath not one accent left;
A rosy dawn, with shafts of silver cleft,
The scent of amber, or an azure night,
Or music conjured by some minstrel deft,
Describe not nor express thy sweetness quite.

In thee reign all the virtues duly blent,
As in a chaplet divers gems are set,
Each being but the other's complement,
So graciously and aptly have they met;
Thus language falls in tatters and I
pause —
A spendthrift of all words in thine applause.

SUFFOLK FIELDS

The Suffolk fields, for summer dight
In gold and green, are gleaming bright,
The meadow lark, with soul attune,
Lilts liquid lyrics unto June,
Along the lane, to left and right,

The elder blossoms greet my sight,
And locusts droop their plumes of white;
With russet ricks of hay are strewn
The Suffolk fields.

To dusky brake, and sandy dune,
The wayward winds their secrets croon.

The mellow mantle of the night,
With blinking fireflies alight,
Will shroud in silent sleep full soon
The Suffolk fields.

I LOVE TO WANDER

I love to wander idly by the sea,
To watch the white gulls wheeling, fearless,
free,
When blue the billows glitter like sapphire,
The sun burns like an opal fraught with
fire.

Lost in the mystic maze of memory,
I love to wander idly by the sea,
When on the dunes the silver beach grass
waves,
And sands of amethyst the water laves.

When amber weeds lie stranded on the shore,
Soothed by some lilting lullaby of yore,



I love to wander idly by the sea,
That tells the secret of all time to me.

When in the essence of its magic sound,
My mind, my heart, my soul are steeped
and drowned,
Then I forget the world, and all — save thee!
I love to wander idly by the sea.

OUR VALIANT VOLUNTEERS¹

Hark! to the sound of fife and drum!

Hark to the deafening cheers!

Adown the street they proudly come,

Our valiant volunteers;

Both young and old, as they pass by,

Breathe blessings on them all;

The men who do, and dare, and die,

To answer duty's call.

Unlike the troops of kingdoms old,

That fight for greed and gain,

They give their youth, their strength, and
gold,

To stem the tide of pain;

¹ Reprinted by courtesy of the *N. Y. World*.

As freemen they would set men free,
And seek for no applause;
They bear the gift of liberty,
They aid a holy cause.

Returning we will call one brave,
With honor crown his days,
And mourn one in an unknown grave
Who won a deathless praise.
Or soothe a cripple left to pine,
Maimed in the battle grim.
The swiftly, smoothly moving line
Makes eager eyes grow dim.

Some have houses and spreading lands,
With all that wealth imparts;
Others have only fearless hands,
But all have — freemen's hearts!
Attention! forward! Strike and win!
They march away from view.
The hostile guns their ranks may thin,
But ne'er their souls subdue.

FIRELIGHT

I sit within the ingle-nook to-night,
The moon is withering before the cold,
The earth is weary and the year grows old;
The subtle magic of the firelight
Summons sweet visions to my wondering sight,
The flames their cherished secrets do unfold,
Tales long since ended, others yet untold,
Now fade, now flicker, amid embers bright.

I think I hear the lispings of the seas,
And birds that babble in the budding trees,
Like precious fragments of forgotten dreams,
I picture plain and upland, fresh with
streams.

To me, the golden, glowing, gleaming blaze
Is sunshine — treasured from lost summer
days.

LEAVE ME TO MY DREAMS

“ Out on Wisdom ! ” sung the sage,
“ Sorrow dearly bought,
Tears to trick time’s restless page,
With dull pain ’tis fraught,
Lesson far too quickly taught,
Writ in many themes,
Wisdom, all thy wealth is naught —
Leave me to my dreams !

“ Men have toiled from age to age,
Followed thee through thought,
Nation’s sleep, and conflict’s rage,
For thee fallen, fought
Both in open field and court,
Blinded by thy beams ;

Thou hast strange confusion wrought,
Leave me to my dreams!

“None my realm can bound or gage, —
Land where fancies sport, —
I, a pilgrim from earth’s stage,
Distant countries sought.
Gained at last a fairy port,
Laved by lisping streams;
Wisdom, life is very short,
Leave me to my dreams!

“Friend, when hope is all distort,
Worthless as it seems,
Vision-land be thy resort;
Leave me to my dreams!”

THE END.

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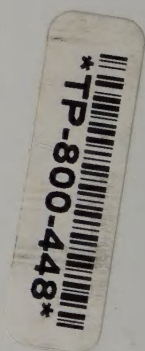
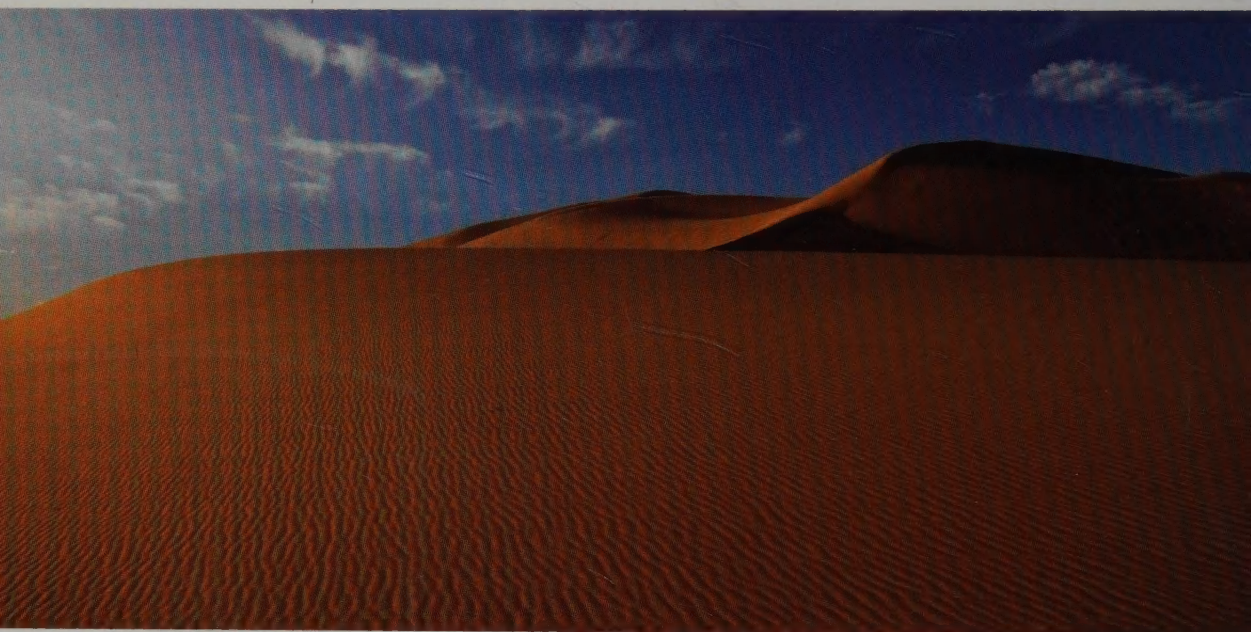
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